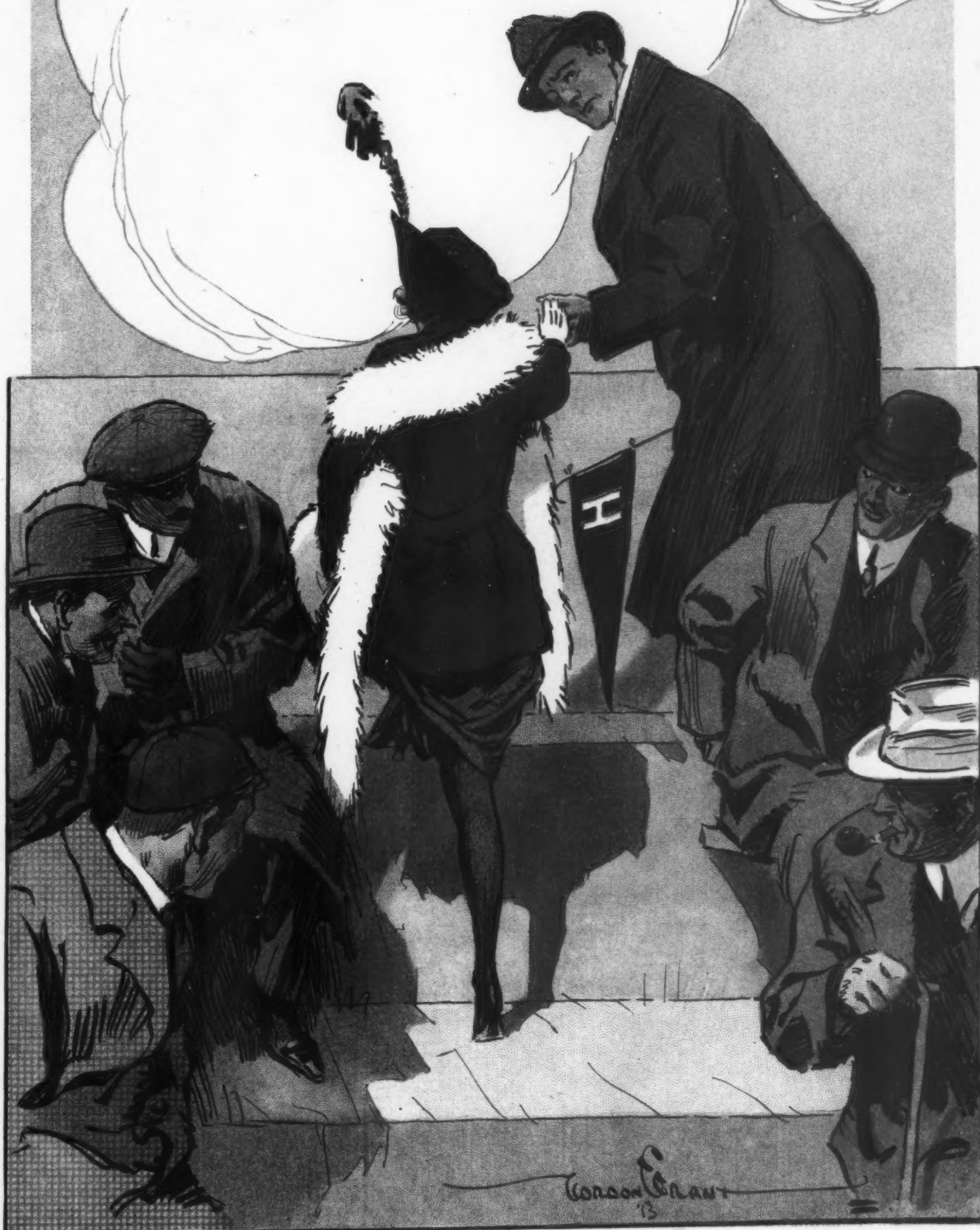


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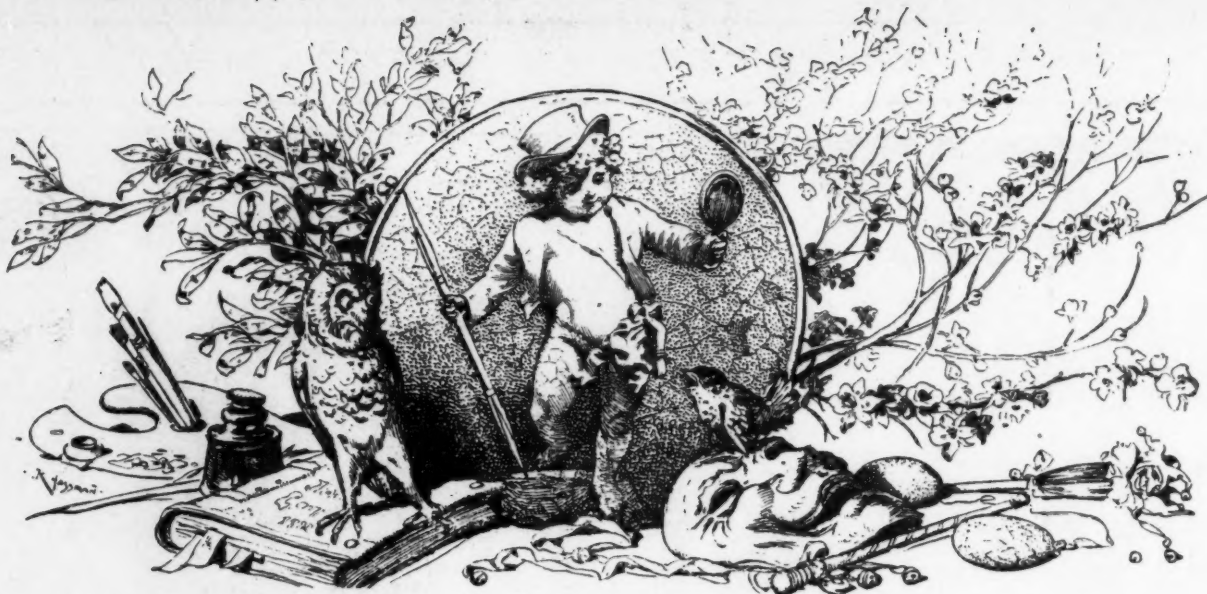
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



FOOTBALL IS A BRUTAL GAME!



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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## Cartoons and Comments

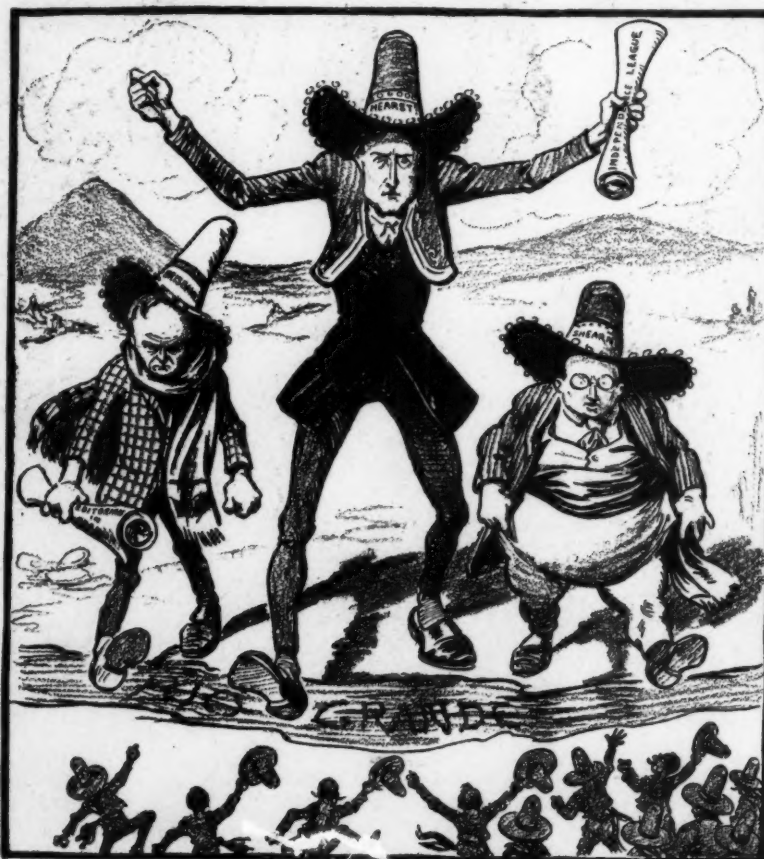
**MEXICO'S SALVATION.** IT is surprising that no branch of the Independence League has been established in Mexico. It would seem that Mexico offered an opportunity in a thousand to that militant organization. Owing to the fact that he was born in the United States, we presume that WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST would himself be ineligible for the office of President of Mexico, but surely that should not prevent him from invading the field and having a candidate when Mexico is in such desperate need of unselfish service. Branches of the Independence League once organized in all the Mexican States, it would be easy to hold a convention and nominate some truly good man, some type corresponding to Mr. HOPPER or Mr. SHEARN, on an honestly independent ticket. Mr. HEARST could be, as here, the power behind—if not the throne, at least the doughbag, and money could not be spent in a better cause than in uplifting the "common people" of Mexico. Verily, they need a "friend," and where could they find a better or a wiser one? Gladly would the people of the United States share him with them.

SOMETIMES in a scrub football game, when one of the teams is shy a man, or a man gets hurt and there is no substitute handy, the other side reduces its force from eleven to ten, so that there will still be the same number of players on each team and no undue advantage for either. It is a simple expedient and it works with perfect satisfaction to both parties. WINSTON CHURCHILL, First Lord of the British Ad-

miralty, seems to think it would work well in weightier games: the war game, for example. He lately made a suggestion so practical that the Dove of Peace, which has been a rather doleful bird of recent years, immediately sat up and took notice. Mr. CHURCHILL's proposal is that the big nations of the world, by mutual agreement, stop building battleships for one year. He points out that in this way all the nations might save a heap of money, which would be most welcome for other purposes, and that if every nation agreed to stop

building for one year no nation would have lost any of its prestige by the expiration of that time. Each would be better off financially and no worse off defensively,—apparently a desirable consummation. It seems to us that for this reason WINSTON CHURCHILL deserves to rank with one CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; not as a discoverer of new lands, but as a performer of the impossible. Nobody knew how to stand an egg on its end until COLUMBUS showed them; and although there is a Peace Congress, with a nice set of meeting-rooms in The Hague, nobody knew how to make a really practical move for peace until CHURCHILL came along. Not that the Peace Congress has n't done any valuable service, but the representatives were too busy planning humanitarian bullets, which would kill cleanly and not make a mess of whatever they hit, to think up anything as simple and practical as the CHURCHILL idea. The beauty of the latter is the ease with which it may be put in effect at any time. It is so obviously a measure for peace and international cooling-off that the pacific motives of any nation opposing it might be open to suspicion. It calls all bluffs.

THE best time to lick Tammany is just after Tammany has been licked. MURPHY's downfall will not mean the reform of Tammany from within. After TWEED came KELLY. After KELLY came CROKER. After CROKER came MURPHY. After MURPHY will come still another typical Tammany leader, unless Tammany ranks are too disorganized and routed to lead. The only sure way to down Tammany is never to let it get up.

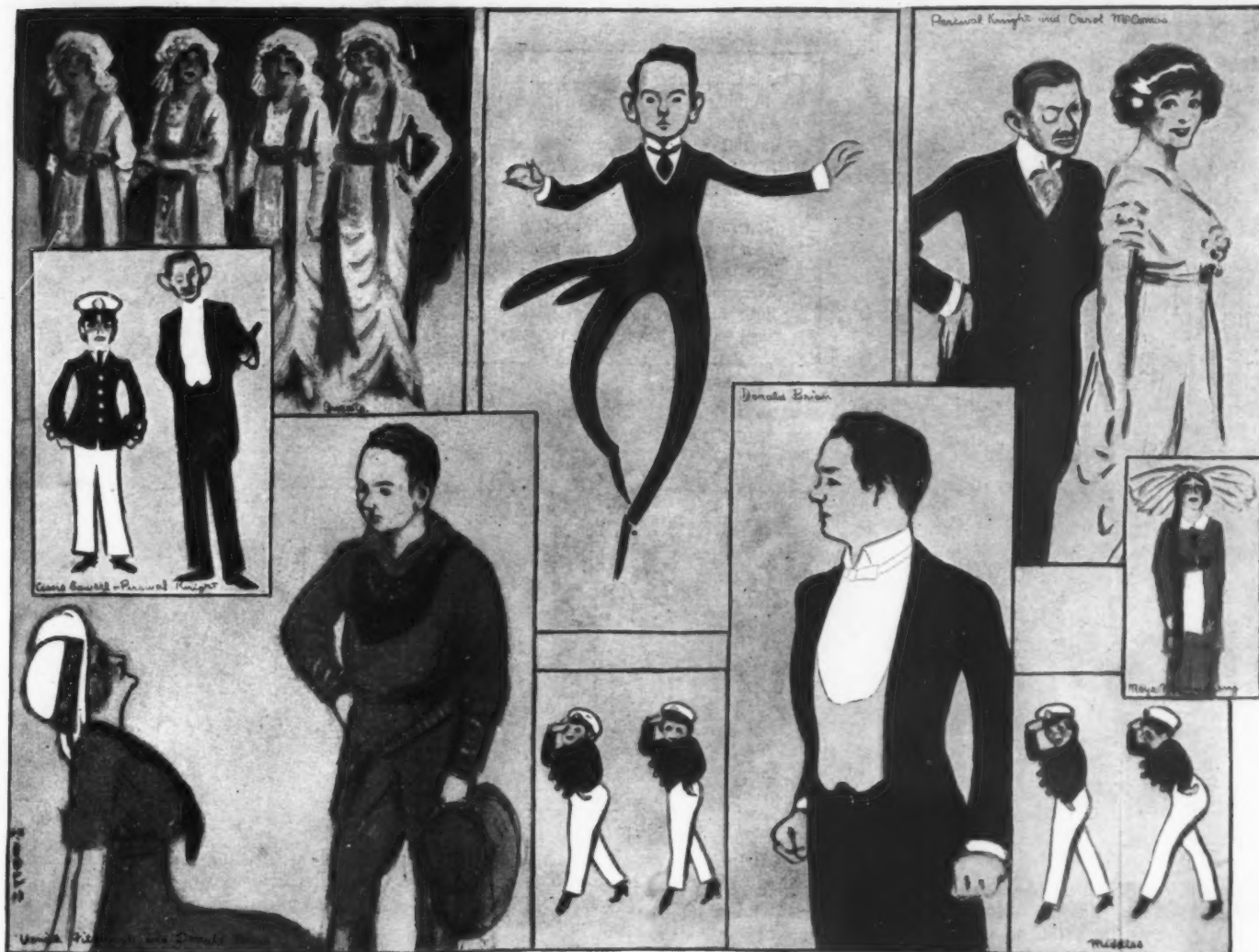


WHY HASN'T THIS HAPPENED?

THERE IS SUCH A FINE OPENING IN MEXICAN POLITICS FOR "THE INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE."



## HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



### "The Marriage Market."

"THE MARRIAGE MARKET" at the Knickerbocker is the latest musical importation to reach our shores by way of London. While not up to many of the English-made shows that have come before, it is fairly good of its kind and makes a good vehicle for Donald Brian. The score is considerably better than the average. "Hand in Hand," "An Irish Husband," and "The One I Love" are the catchiest of the songs. Of the people in

the cast, Carroll McComas and Percival Knight, who have a capital bit in the last act, "I always come back to you," run away with most of the honors. Donald Brian dances well, which is to be expected, and Moya Mannering is good in the rôle of the maid Emma. "The Marriage Market," which is described as "a musical play in three acts," makes an agreeable evening's entertainment.

W. E. Hill.

### STARTERS FOR STORIES.



LUSH, slush, slush!

I first saw the light of day—

"Push the eglantine aside, Hester."

It was night—night in the great city.

It was night—night on the lonely downs.

The sun was rising on a perfect day—

A dull, drizzling day on the Cornish coast.

On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the heir of Jaghurst lay dying.

Only a gin-miller's daughter! And yet how fair—how wondrously fair she was!

It was Herbert Delancey's twenty-first birthday.



### A LOCAL CALL.

THE PROFESSOR (*absent-mindedly*).—Gramercy two-nine-one-seven, please

It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.

Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.

Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to manhood—

Yes, it was very hard for us all to part with Lilith Jane; but—

The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy June when Clara Montmorenci—

"No!"

The speaker was a fair, pale girl of some nineteen summers.

A bright, glowing fire, a cheerful room, books everywhere—what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?

**T**he woman who tried twenty different cooks in a year doesn't believe in rotation in office.

PUCK

# GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.



THIS is Grandfather's wooden chair. Nothing to look at—built for wear! All our furniture breaks and goes; But this old heirloom never shows The faintest signs of a weak decay— "Never has broken," so they say.

Modern furniture's made too fast. Then they made their chairs to last! This is built of the hardest wood; Every joining fits as it should; Built with a sly, prophetic view— Shall we say—that it might hold two!



## BIOGRAPHY OF AN EMINENT AMERICAN.



He was the eldest of seven children, and his parents, who were among the first settlers of the neighborhood now famous as the birthplace of the illustrious subject of our sketch, were, as may be imagined, in straightened circumstances.

When our hero was eleven years of age his father, who had always been in feeble health, died.

From that time the boy was the sole support of the family. He used to rise at four in the morning. After smashing the three inches of ice which invariably formed over night in the water-pail, he would perform his ablutions. Then he would go out and feed the cattle and, if he happened to have any leisure time before breakfast, he would saw a cord or two of wood.

After the seventeen hours of unremitting toil of which his day was made up it might be supposed that he would be ready for sleep. But no, he was not that kind of youth; had he been this tribute of esteem and admiration

would never have been written. His father's library had consisted of three volumes: "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and "Josephus" in the original. Over these books the boy used to pore by the light of a pine-knot after the rest of the family were in bed and asleep. He became possessed of an eager yearning for knowledge. By getting up at three o'clock instead of four, and doing chores for a neighbor, he earned enough money in a few weeks to buy a second-hand Latin grammar. Six months later—he being then thirteen years of age—he had mastered the language. In another year he was an accomplished Greek scholar, and at the age of seventeen he could converse in seven languages.

When he was eighteen years old he entered college, having earned the means to do so by the labor of his hands, besides supporting his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He was graduated with the highest honors, and pronounced the most brilliant man of his or any other year.

The study of law next claimed his attention, and in due time we find him practising at the bar of his native State. From that time on his career is familiar to all. The mere mention of his name quickens the pulse of every true American, and causes a thrill of pride to—

Eh? Who is he, anyway? Well, I haven't quite made up my mind yet. But the biography is the regular thing, and will do for any of them.

F. A. Stearns.



## ON THE IMPROVE.

FOND GRANDMOTHER.—Understand Spanish? Speak French and German? What a talented little lady you are, to be sure!

THE LITTLE LADY (proudly).—Yes. And my governess says that after awhile I may speak English correctly.

When we say that a man is a brick we do not necessarily mean that he is made of common clay.



# MABEL'S MUFF.

THE ruffs of jetty laces  
At either portal stir;  
Oh, such a charming place is  
Her scroll of glossy fur,  
That Cupid it might stand in  
Or slumber on a ruff;  
Nor would she thrust her hand in  
To push him from her muff.

When in the snappy weather  
I walk along with her,  
Her lips and cheeks together  
She buries in her fur;  
But when I say caresses  
Are wasted on the stuff,  
My hand she slyly presses  
Or taps me with her muff.

I know that Mabel loves me  
Because she chides me so;  
So when my darling gloves me  
I can't but like the blow;  
But I seem chilled completely  
And vow that 't was a cuff;  
And she says, smiling sweetly:  
"You're such a darling muff!"

And what care I if strangers  
Look on this girl of mine,  
Since they must see her dangers,  
Which such as I divine.  
But no device can harm her,  
For is it not enough  
That Mabel is my chrmer  
And I am Mabel's muff?

DeWitt Sterry.

## THE GOOD THING.

HERE was once a Long-Headed Man who  
invented a Household Utensil of such Gen-  
eral Utility that instead of giving it a Name set-  
ting forth an Intelligible idea of its character, he called  
it simply a Good Thing.

So Proud was he of his Good Thing, that he would not  
make its Existence known in the Press. "If People will not  
come in and ask for the Good Thing," he would say, "I  
don't propose to go to the Trouble of telling Them about It.  
If People don't know It when They see It, they must suffer the  
Consequences of their Blindness."

When a Mortgage was Foreclosed on him a Little Later, the  
Successful Bidder Advertised the Good Thing in Several Papers, and  
he had Difficulty in Employing a sufficient number of Men to fill the  
Red Wagons that Backed up at his Door.

The Moral of this Fable is in the possession of our Advertising  
Agent, who will Disclose it in all its variegated beauty to all inquirers  
on receipt of a Stamp for Return Postage.

## A HARLEM CONGRATULATION.

MRS. McFOY.—I know ye'll be plazed to hear, Mrs. McSnub, thot  
me daughter Mary Ann is to be married to Jimmy Doyle nixt  
wake.

MRS. MCSNUB.—Indade, Oi am thot, fur it was only this marning  
thot I saw the poor boy's fayther foire him out av the house.



## A PASSING THOUGHT.

"Say, Chimmie, ain't dere no law agin cruelty ter autermobiles?"



## AN OPTIMIST.

MR. COLEBY.—Four more! Golly, I'se got eleben children,  
an' I'se forty-four years ob age. Four, eleben, forty-four—I'se  
gwine ter hab great luck, sure!

## THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

HOBGING flourishes most in hard times. This ambulant profession,  
which makes so strong an appeal to the imagination of immured  
clerks and tired business-men, seems rapidly going to seed. A  
decade of unremitting, pitiless prosperity has taken the heart out of the  
Army of Rest. Perpetually harassed by unfeeling farmers with offers of  
jobs; doomed to see their ranks constantly depleted through the seduction  
of high wages; and facing another year of rich harvests for those deluded  
individuals who work for a living, the hoboes are getting  
ready for a momentous decision. What this coup d'état  
will be none but J. Eads How and a few others of  
the elect know, but the signs point to a walk-out.

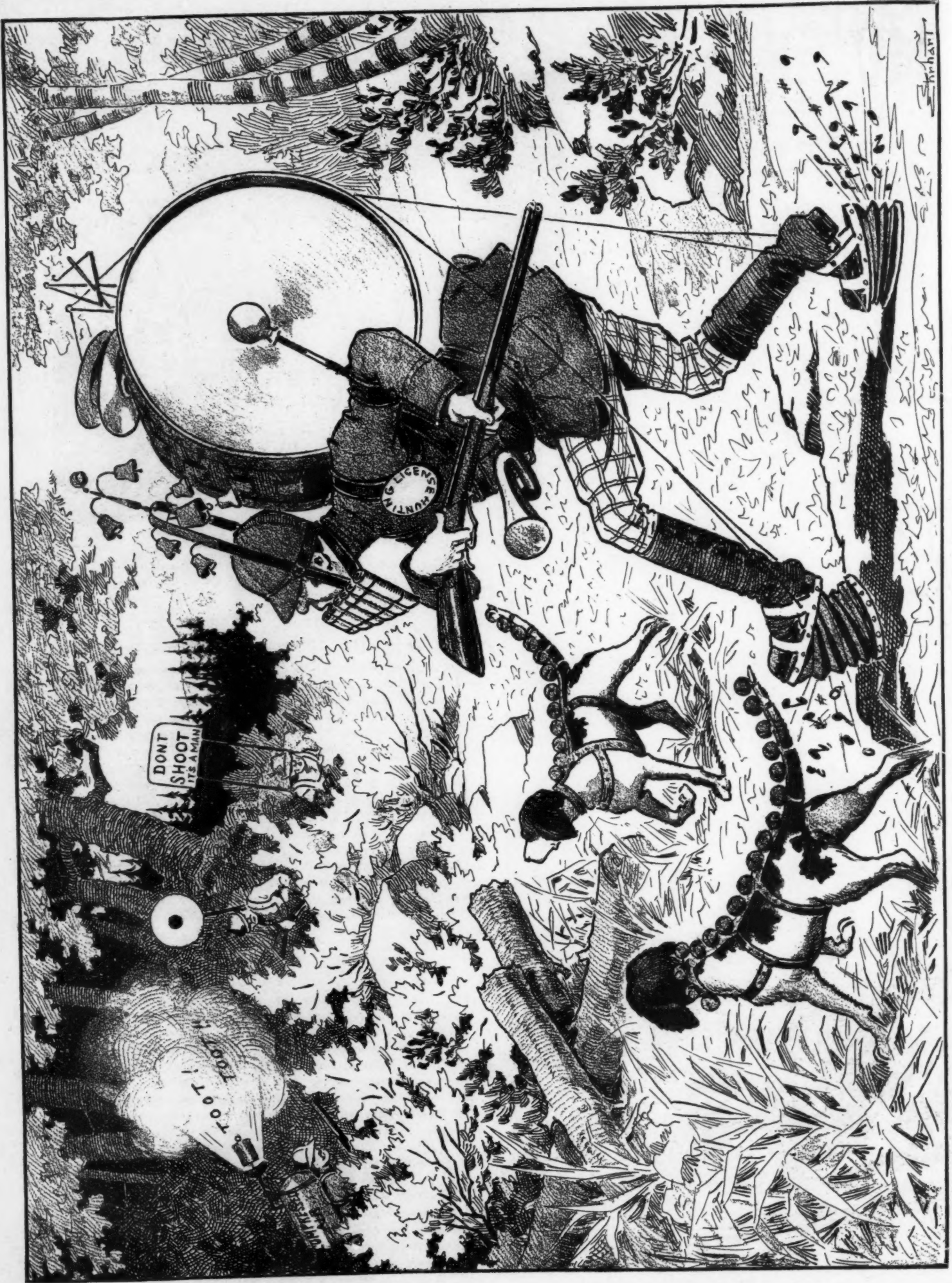
It was not to be expected that the hobo br. her-  
hood could view with equanimity the successful strikes  
of longshoremen, railroad men, factory hands, and  
farm laborers. Strikes are catching. Hoboes are  
human. They have grievances. Organized labor  
has begun to prey upon Unorganized Rest. These  
are reasons enough.

Master minds are required to deal with this  
approaching crisis. If it were local in its scope, if it were  
the hoboes of but one State that were showing the refractory spirit, it  
could be treated as a bit of comedy. But a national uprising of Knights  
of the Road means that thousands of men will be suddenly thrown into  
work, some of whom have been scarcely able to avoid supporting them-  
selves even when they had no work whatever. In case a general  
strike is declared, and the hoboes suddenly quit their repose, in what  
way can be supplied the amount of unemployment necessary to maintain  
the dignity of pessimism? A pause at this point, awaiting a reply.

The passing of the hobo is a conception that appals the imagina-  
tion. It means that freight-car trucks will go rattling across the conti-  
nent without a living soul upon them. Trainmen will die of ennui  
from having nobody to eject from empty box-cars. Farmers' dogs will  
gloom drearily along the front fence, growing flabby and listless. The  
rich argot with which vagrancy has endowed the language will go into  
desuetude. But that is not the worst. All the hard-working, sincere  
humorists and comic artists that have spent years in perfecting tramp jokes  
will suddenly find themselves thrown back on the mother-in-law brand of  
jest. It is a deed of mercy to draw the curtain at this point.







GUARDING AGAINST "MISTAKES" IN THE HUNTING SEASON.





### THE PREDECESSOR OF THE FOOTBALL COACH.

VETERAN GLADIATOR (*to new material tackling the dummy*).—  
Now, then, one at a time, jump for it! **HARD! HARD!** Don't act  
like you were at a five-clock tea!

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

**D**RESSED in a rough suit and wearing an old slouch hat pulled  
down about his ears, the Rev. George W. Yard, a minister in  
New Brunswick, N. J., was disguised. He was disguised as  
a man who would take a drink. And, in company with a  
newspaper reporter, he made the rounds of the New Brunswick saloons  
on a Sunday to get evidence of illegal selling.

To secure valid evidence in such cases it is necessary to drink the  
liquids after they have been purchased; and they must be drunk by  
someone capable of deciding the exact nature of the liquids. Naturally  
the clergyman was fitted for neither task. In so worthy a cause he  
might have been forgiven for imbibing; but, the judging of liquor being a  
high judicial matter, he simply could not do it. There was where he was  
wise in taking a newspaper reporter. This journalist was a friend in need.

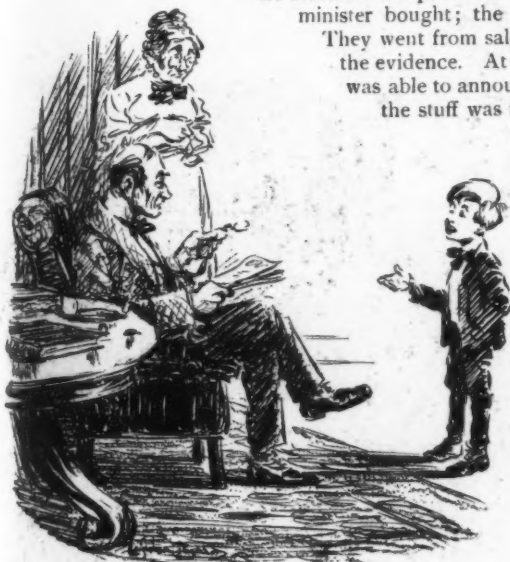
Distasteful it must have been to this hardy newspaper reporter, but  
he stuck to his public service like a man. The  
minister bought; the journalist did the rest.

They went from saloon to saloon, piling up  
the evidence. At each saloon the reporter  
was able to announce to the minister that  
the stuff was really whisky. So fully

did this newspaper man  
enter into the spirits  
of the occasion that  
as they proceeded he  
became more and  
more light-hearted,  
and the investigation  
was so far a success  
that the clergyman  
took home the proof  
that liquor was being  
sold on the Sabbath.  
It is said that, not to  
be behindhand in  
martyrdom, the min-  
ister smoked a cigar,  
or part of a cigar, as  
part of his disguise.

But after a few whiffs  
of that, his first cigar,  
the floor kindly came up  
and knocked it out of his  
hand.

You can count on news-



### CANDID.

PATER.—Why did you fail in your last  
exams?

SON.—They asked questions that were  
utterly beyond my seat-mate's depth.

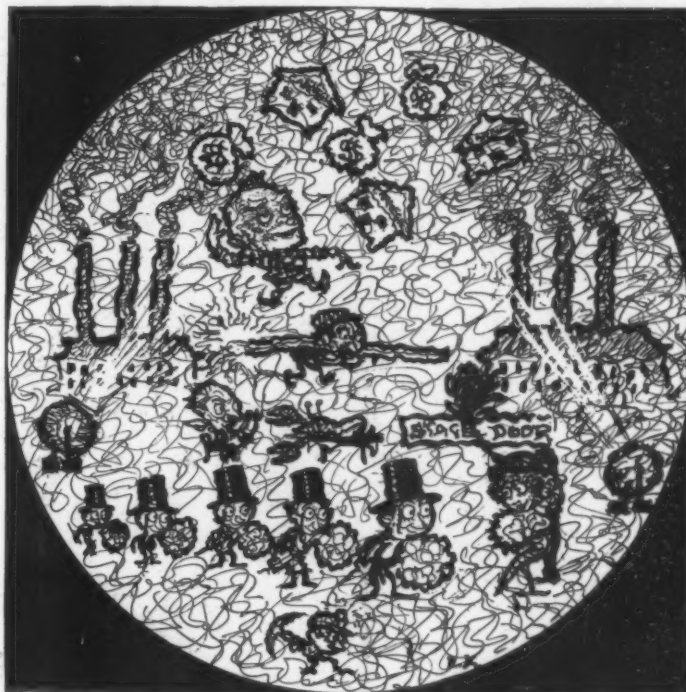
### DOLLARS AND CENTS.

**T**HIS world that we live in is chock full of fun;  
There are plenty of good things for everyone  
Who can put up the boodle, be it dollars or cents,—  
But it's always a question of "What's the expense?"  
Dollars and cents—dollars and cents;  
It is always a question of "What's the expense?"

For mere food, clothes, and shelter we've got to pay cash,—  
Since running in debt will soon bring us to smash,—  
So, if we'd live high and be "elegant gents,"  
We have to consider just what's the expense.  
Dollars and cents—dollars and cents;  
It is always a question of "What's the expense?"

Or, if we would marry and live quiet lives—  
Why, we do,—and in due course the baby arrives!  
But, though "love in a cottage" is doubtless immense,  
It will cost us good money to keep out of tents.  
Dollars and cents—dollars and cents;  
It is always a question of "What's the expense?"

Then roll up your shirt-sleeves and hustle, my boy,  
If the good things of life you are bound to enjoy;  
When you've earned the cold cash, be it dollars or cents,  
Why, the world is your oyster and darn the expense!  
Dollars and cents—dollars and cents;  
If you've got 'em, you're solid, and—Darn the expense!



### WHAT CITY FOLKS DRINK.—IV.

A DROP OF PITTSBURGH WATER IS SEEN TO HAVE NUMEROUS INHABITANTS.

paper men every time. They will go anywhere; they will do anything;  
they will drink almost anything—when the public good is at stake.  
A minister and a reporter make a great team.

Freeman Tilden.

### NOT GOOD FISHING-GROUNDS.

**M**ISS JAGGERS (*angling for a compliment*).—They say plain girls  
are always religious. Now, I'm not at all religious.

MR. FORTNIT (*gallantly*).—Yes, but there are exceptions to all  
rules, you know.

**W**HEN the landlord thinks of the rent in his pocket he forgets the  
hole in the roof.

**T**he testimony of an expert about other experts would often save a jury both  
trouble and confusion.



THE PUCK PRESS

HOW THE PEACE CONGRESS RECEIVES ITS





CEIVES ITS FIRST PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

# PUCK

## LANGUAGE OF GIFTS.



**VALISE**—Please travel.

**A BOUQUET**—Try to imitate these.

**A NECKTIE**—Your own taste is execrable.

**A PIECE OF JEWELRY**—You are painfully plain.

**A CHAIR**—You should stay at home more than you do.

**A CUT-GLASS BOTTLE**—I think you know a good thing when you see it.

**A PURSE**—Better care should be taken of what money you have.

**A BOOK OF POEMS**—Your nature stands sadly in need of softening.

**A SMOKING-JACKET**—Your clothes smell dreadfully of tobacco.

**A BOX OF CIGARS**—You can't tell a good cigar from a vile one.

**A FOUNTAIN-PEN**—You should cultivate more carefully a spirit of Christianity.

**A WASTE-PAPER BASKET**—You should throw away more of your work.

**A BOOK OF PROSE**—I wish to put you to some trouble. You will take this out and dust it whenever I am announced to call.

## TWO FOR A QUARTER.

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met his friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired, very politely.

"Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?"



## OF ICE.

PENGUIN.—Well, good-by! Come and call on me soon!

WALRUS.—Do you live far?

PENGUIN.—Dear me, no—just on the next block!

"Two for a quarter," said the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This one cost me twenty cents and that five."

The conversation languished at this point.

## HIS FAVORITE PASSAGE.

He entered the book-store—a ragged tramp, but he spoke in a manner so gentle and refined that the clerk who was about to hustle him out listened to his request.

"If you've no objection," said the tramp, "I should like to glance for one moment at Boswell's *Life of Johnson*." And when the book had been handed to him he carefully wiped his fingers on the inside of his coat, turned the pages until he found what he wanted, closed the book, and looked at the clerk with a gratified smile.

"Johnson was one of the greatest minds the world ever knew," he said. "I get inspiration from him—I go to him when I am in doubt—and like a benediction his words soothe and comfort me."

"What were you looking for this time?" asked the clerk.

"A passing pedestrian accommodated me with a loan of ten cents just now," replied the tramp, "and it occurred to me that I should like to look once more upon that sentence of Johnson's: 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern.' I am obliged to you for the use of the book. Good-day!"

And with the gratified smile still resting on his features he became swallowed in the crowd.

WRINKLES on one's brow are Time's indorsement of the note for borrowed trouble.

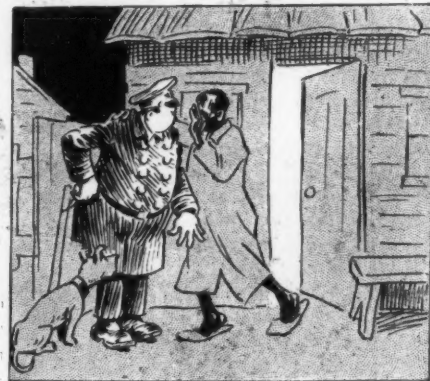
## THE POLICE-DOG GOES IN FOR A LITTLE SOCIAL SERVICE.



I.  
"Z-z-z-z!"



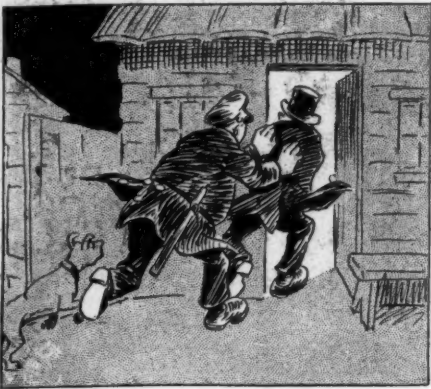
II.  
"Remember, dog! You woke me up. You gotter make good or you get yours!"



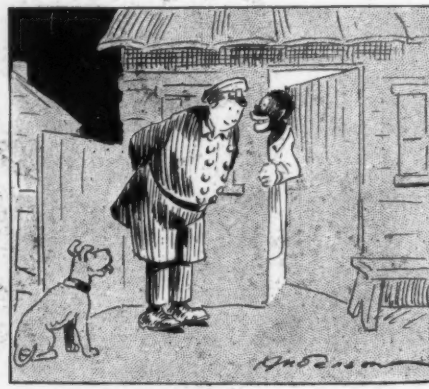
III.  
"Uh-huh! I understand, and you ain't got no telephone!"



IV.  
"Great guns, what a run! But it's me duty."



V.  
"Yep! That's the place! Go right in."



VI.  
"It's a boy, hey? Well, many happy returns, an' name him after me!"





AN HONEST CONFESSION.

MOTHER. — And what did you do when he kissed you? Did you hand him his hat?  
DAUGHTER. — Er—no, mamma. I hid it.

HINTS TO GUESTS.

**B**EWARE of the chair with one or two weak legs and a frail back. There is such a chair in every home. It is more or less a cripple—generally more, and often very much more—and nine out of ten guests will pick it out from a dozen and flop down into it. I never miss doing that myself. I wonder that folks don't label such chairs as follows: "Don't sit on this chair; it is a cripple, and is kept only to fill up a corner."

Always say that the baby is the handsomest child you ever saw, and that it strikingly resembles both its father and mother. A little lie like that on the part of the guest does n't cost a cent and helps wonderfully to clear away the gloom that has been cast over the family circle by an unexpected visitor who has come in just as the tea and loaf-sugar are gone.

Don't compare the coffee of your hostess to muddy water and her pie-crust to sole-leather because she asks you to make yourself "perfectly at home," and to feel "just as if you were in your own house." She does n't mean you to feel at home quite that far.

Don't try to sing in the house of your host. You should cast as little gloom as possible over the home you are visiting. If you have a desire to sing and cannot stifle it, go to the woods. If you sing as wretchedly as some folks I have heard, including my mother-in-law's daughter's husband, go several miles into the woods before you let your warbler loose.

When you observe the adored offspring of your host using your new plug-hat for a drum, wear a glad smile and make some pleasant remark about the tendency of boys to be boys. Wait for solitude to express your true feelings.

If you are a guest on a farm, make yourself generally useful by putting in ten lively hours each day in the corn-field and then milking a few cows after supper. If you will keep this up a week or two, your host will weep your bosom full of scalding tears when you declare your intention to tear yourself away.

You should, as far as possible, adopt the rules and regulations and follow the manners and customs of the family whose guest you are. If the fever and ague prevail in the domestic circle, you can raise yourself to a high degree in the estimation of host and hostess by having your chill, and taking your quinine-pill at the regular family hour.



IN TRAINING.

HIS ROOM-MATE. — W-w-w-hat is it, Bill? Gone c-crazy?  
BILL. — Don't worry; I'm just practising. I'm to be married next month, you know.

**W**hen a song has been sung so often that everyone hates it, it is dubbed a "popular" song.

**Champagne Sense**

What you want is quality. You don't care what the price may be—large or small—if only your taste as a connoisseur be pleased. That's why connoisseurs insist on

**COOK'S**  
Imperial  
Extra Dry  
Champagne

It has all the qualities that make for superiority—supreme purity; lasting liveliness; exquisite bouquet; delightful flavor. It pays no duty to Uncle Sam—it pays no ocean freight; these items total the difference in price between Cook's and imported champagnes.

American Wine Co.  
St. Louis, Mo.




"Your cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night, and—"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Houston, but since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing!"—*London Opinion.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

#### THE KITTEN CORROBORATES.

Johnny, six years old, has arrived at what has been called the "story-telling age," or the age when children's imaginations get the better of their desire for truth. Running into the house the other day, Johnny exclaimed: "Mamma, I just saw a kitten on our front porch that was as big as a lion!"

"Johnny, you are telling another story, and I think I'll have to whip you for it. You know no kitten is as big as a lion," said the mother.

"That's what I always thought," replied Johnny, "but I asked him and he said he was."—*Indianapolis News.*

## OUR PRESIDENT!



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"Oh, yes, I can. In this case I'm sure of her."

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The honest farmer who took in summer boarders greeted the new arrivals with truly rural enthusiasm.

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The man of the party looked at the enthusiast with suspicion.

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"It's all right, ain't it?" he asked.

"I gave an actor feller a month's board free to teach it to me."—*Record-Herald.*

TWO SOLDIERS were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, and the other an Irishman.

"Pat," said the Yankee; "were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," said Pat.

"Did you run, too?"

"I did," said Pat, "and th' felly what did n't run is there yet."—*Argonaut.*

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"Not a bit. As a matter of truth, they have n't perfected a film-machine yet that can revolve as fast as the revolutions."—*St. Louis Republic.*

### THEIR JOB.

WILLIE.—Pa, what is a jury?

PA.—A body of men organized to find out who has the best lawyer, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE DEPARTING GUEST. — Out of this sum give each of the waiters ten sous and Henri five francs.

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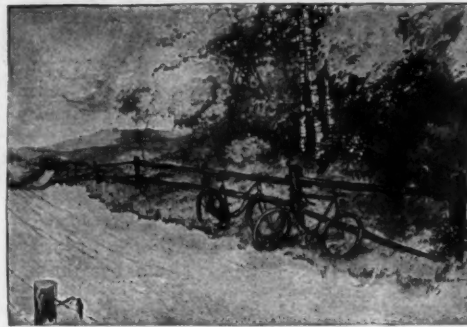
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I.



II.



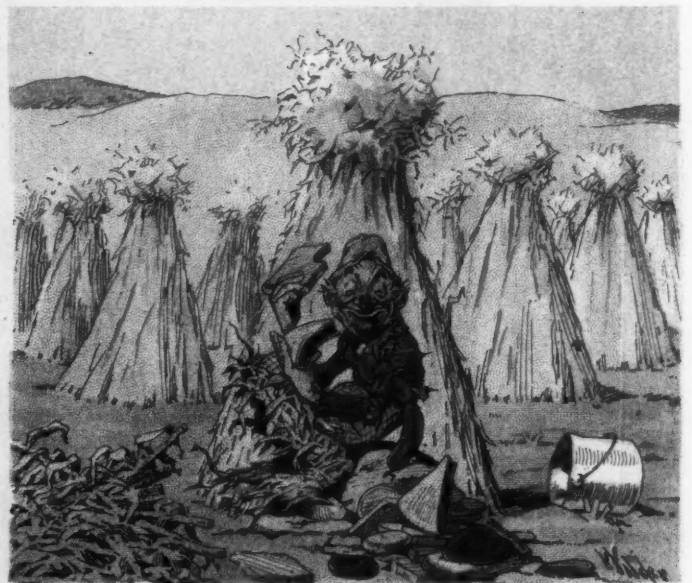
III.



IV.



V.



VI.